

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce-Quasi-Semper-Victurus...Vive-Quasi-Cras-Moriturus

A Literary—News Weekly

VOL. LIV.

NOVEMBER 26, 1926.

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1872--1926

Why Boy Guidance?

Roy E. Bennett

The Lay Apostolate

Victor F. Lemmer

The Camel Breaks His Back

Richard Mullen

The Decline Of The Interurban

Jack Mullen

Walter Pater And Art

Francis Collins Miller

Sophomoreitis

L. R. M'Intyre

Melodics

F. C. M.

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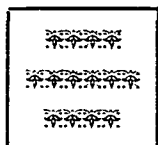
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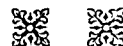
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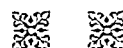
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INDEX

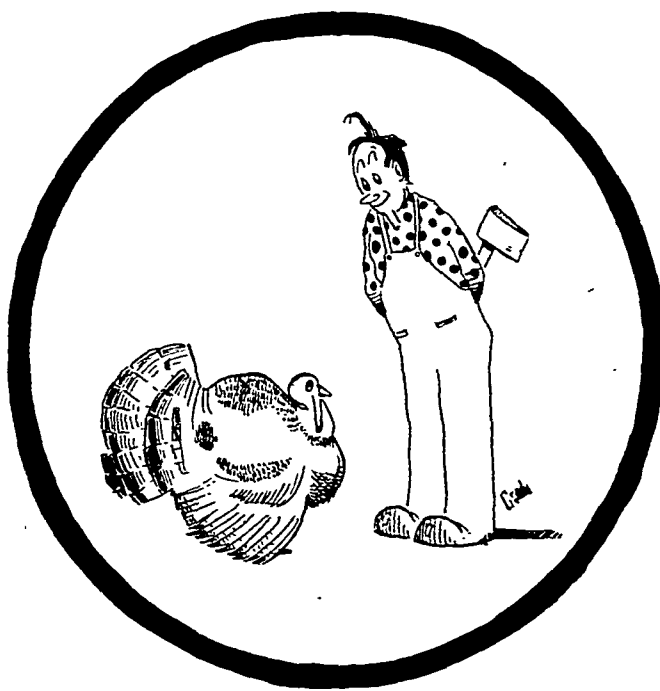
	PAGE
Frontispiece (Thanksgiving)	W. A. B. 292
The Week	W. H. Layne 293
Why Boy Guidance?	Roy E. Bennett 296
The Lay Apostolate	Victor Lemmer 300
Proposed Dining Hall 304
The College Parade	John T. Cullinan 306
Editorial 307
Hobnails 308
The Camel Breaks His Back	Richard Parrish 309
Sophomoreitis	L. R. McIntyre 312
Walter Pater and Art	F. C. Miller 313
The Decline of the Interurban	Jack Mullen 314
Melodies	F. C. Miller 315
Sports 316
Splinters From the Press Box	Ghoul Post III. 318

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The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men

Thanksgiving

W. A. B.



*This day the Nation proves its faith
In Him who keeps it year by year
In holy peace and power secure;
A happy land, whose people fear
No foreign foe, no civil fray,
Only the God they thank to-day.*



THE WEEK

The placing of straw around the bases of the newly planted trees and the chill of a sweeping wind have made this week memorable as the first of a long series of wintry wares. Those who sat in the stands last Saturday afternoon while the men from Drake attempted to outslide the Rockmen will testify to this as well as the men who were out in front passing the eel-like ball. Nature has a peculiarity of its own when it goes into winter quarters and the only objection we have to this characteristic is that she always demands company.

There has been a great deal of boasting by football experts who are capable of predicting the winners of games to be played. We hear the results long before the game is to take place and often we feel that there is little reason for playing because the experts have picked the winner and that is all there is to it. Remember the Army predictions? The Week modestly points to another department of the SCHOLASTIC and nominates Frank Doan to the hall of football prophets of the season. For the Army game his advance report gave Notre Dame 7 while he estimated an even 0 for Army. Last week his forecast gave us 21 and the prediction that Drake would not score. Rather an accurate account of the games in advance, if the Week is asked about it. Perhaps some of the contemporary sports should subscribe to the w. k. literary weekly.

With the Homecoming celebration came some of the most original hall decorations that have ever welcomed the old grads back. Sorin Hall was the most outstanding example of this. It is marvelous what some of the upper classmen are capable of doing when they work together. For the decorations prize, however, the two halls on the extreme wings of the campus breasted the tape at the same time. Lyons and Freshman proved to be the most ambitious and

came to the front in a field that was none too heavily laden.

The Scribblers met to discuss the fruits of their poetry prize and to listen to Joe Breig's latest short story creation. There appears to be some misunderstanding among the campus bards concerning the eligibility for this contest. Any man on the campus is eligible to enter, for it is not a private Scribbler enterprise at all. A couple of years ago a freshman won the honors and during the last two years it has been carried away by members of the club. One of the primary purposes of the contest is to discover new talent on the campus; so those who are capable of rhyming thoughts should turn out in force to outdo the Scribblers themselves. Although two of the judges are to be men we have the word of the president that the contest will be fair to all.

The *Dome* staff has been entertaining members of the two upper classes again this week in the Walsh Hall basement with Ruddy carrying away most of the pictorial honors. It appears rather queer to watch the seniors don the cap and gown for the first time. Not that the attire is unbecoming but the absence of the sentiment of which we have heard so much discussion stands out in such proportions that the cap could be hung on it. When the months roll around to next June, however, we know that another make of car will be in vogue.

Thanksgiving came just in time to give the weekly holiday flavor to the campus. We have said weekly for the appearance seems to take place in just that order. Could we but change things we would transplant a few of them to the long months after the holidays when all are absent save the birthdays of our presidents. Sounds rather serious but we have always found that seriousness makes by far the best humor.—W.H.L.

"THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA"

Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari was born in Venice, January 12, 1876. His father was a German painter of note and his mother a talented Italian musician. He was self-taught in music at first, but later studied in Germany and Italy. Throughout his career the German and Italian elements have been intermingled in his compositions, enhancing their variety and attractiveness.

His first operatic works were "La Sula-mita," "Cenerentola" (Cinderella), and "Le Donne Curiose" (The Inquisitive Women).

"The Jewels of the Madonna," considered his masterpiece, was finished in 1908. It was first performed in Berlin, December 31, 1911. Its American premiere was in Chicago, January 16, 1912. It was also one of the features of the Covent Garden season in London, 1912-13.

Maliella, a beautiful but wayward Neapolitan girl, adopted and brought up by kindly old Carmela, becomes refractory as her charms begin to impress men. Carmela's son, Gennaro, an honest lad working at the trade of blacksmith, is hopelessly in love with her. On the day of a religious festival, Rafaele, leader of the Camorristi, meets Maliella and endeavors with the typical wiles of an underworld Italian dandy to win her. She scorns him, which only piques his desire to possess her, and as the statue of the Madonna is carried by in the religious procession he offers to steal the jewels from it in order to win her love. She is horrified, but his dashing bravado impresses her.

Gennaro confesses to his mother his love for Maliella and his fears for her moral safety. Annoyed by his unwelcome attentions, Maliella taunts him with Rafaele's brave o'er. Partly demented through unrequited love, Gennaro goes to the chapel, prays to the Madonna to forgive him, takes the jewels and carries them home to Maliella. At first she is fascinated by the gems, but as she realizes the awful sacrilege Gennaro has committed, she flies madly to Rafaele.

She finds him in the remote inn of the roystering Camorristi. Rafaele, petted and admired by the women in the crowd, is in-

different to their charms, and they banter him about his new love. When she arrives and displays the jewels, his love changes to contempt, and he spurns her, accusing her of having sold herself for the gems. In desperation she hurls the fatal decorations on the ground and dashes out to throw herself into the sea.

The awed Camorristi cringe in fear until Rafaele commands them to bring Gennaro dead or alive. Following Maliella, Gennaro comes to the Camorristi's haunts, and seeing a small Madonna and altar at one side, he places the jewels there, devoutly praying for forgiveness. In despair he drives a dagger into his heart. Rafaele's vengeful followers crowd into the place, but stand back with heads bared as they see the form of the ill-fated youth lying before the altar lifeless.

The Chicago Civic Opera Company is introducing a plan to make the opera accessible to all those living on the South Shore line. Their first trip is announced for Sunday, Nov. 28, when students of Notre Dame and St. Mary's and residents of South Bend are offered the round trip railroad fare, and the ticket to "The Jewels of the Madonna" to be presented at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon with Rosa Raisa, Giacomo Rimini, Serge Duckranski, etc. Both the railroad and theatre ticket are offered at greatly reduced rates. Main floor and first three rows first balcony, \$6.00; rest of first balcony, \$4.00; other seats at \$3, \$2 and \$1.

Tickets are now on sale at the Notre Dame newstand.

CASASANTA COMPOSES MARCH

The student body was no doubt aware of a new and peppy march this year when the band lent rhythm to the post-touchdown moments and the time between the halves. Mr. Joseph Casasanta has composed a new march entitled "On Down The Line" which has been greeted with much popularity at the games and at the pep meetings. The composition abounds with rhythm and, like the "Hike Song," is truly a collegiate song. Mr. Vincent Fagan wrote the words and The Gilbert Music Company of Chicago published the composition.

VARSITY QUARTET AT WHITING

The Varsity Quartet journeyed to Whiting, Indiana, last Sunday to sing at the dedication of the Immaculate Conception Church. Bishop Noll was present and concluded the services with a short talk. The quartet is composed of Anthony Kopecky, John Butler, Andrew Mulreany, and Fred Wagner.

RECENT SCRIBBLERS' MEETING

President Les Grady of the Scribblers presided at the regular meeting of that society Monday night, November 22. The meeting was held in the Scribblers' room in the Library. Professor Charles Phillips was one of the members in attendance.

Business, in addition to inflicting pain, announced that the Scribblers' Poetry contest would close on December first. It urged that it be promulgated that every student at the University is eligible to send poems of his own creation to Joe Breig, 331 Morrissey Hall. The top prize in this contest is fifteen dollars.

Then, after business had slunk back into its concealment, Joe Breig brought forth one of those short stories which he ever has lodged in abundance about his person. This one, after its reading by Joe, was condemned by everyone present, including Professor Phillips, as being remarkably well done. In fact, Professor Phillips went so far as to indict it as Joe's best literary production thus far, and to accuse Joe of exhibiting an exuberant imagination in its creation. Joe suffered the maledictions of his accusers with compressed lips and fiery cheeks.

"It should be the aim of every man here to-night," said Professor Phillips, "to write of his own thoughts in his own way. It is the great fault of most writers to talk and to write about what others have written rather than to write of their own thoughts. Now is the time to rid oneself of this weakness, inherent in the composition of every writer in a more or less degree, and to produce poems, essays, short stories, and plays,—don't neglect plays,—as the mind and the literary bent of the writer direct."

President Grady assigned papers to Rich-

ard Elpers and to Bob Hennes to be read at the next meeting of the Scribblers. This meeting will be held on the night of Tuesday, November thirteenth. The meeting adjourned at 9:30.

—L.R.M.

HELP EGAN

John Egan, injured, is at St. Joseph's Hospital, where he will remain for weeks. Pieces of the Army goal posts will be sold to aid him. In offering any amount for these cuts, you will show appreciation of a real Notre Dame man. The cuts are in charge of Art Denchfield, John Igoe, Jack Wingerter, Joe Doran, Turk Kelly, Carn Petresch and Emmet Mahoney.

SCIENCE LECTURE WELL ATTENDED

Dr. J. B. Berteling, president of the South Bend board of health, spoke to a large gathering of students and faculty members in Washington Hall, Monday evening, November 22, on "The Relation of the Germ Theory to Modern Medicine." The lecture was presented by the Notre Dame Academy of Science.

Dr. Berteling sketched the historical development of the germ theory from his student days, when medics regarded it as a foolish notion, up to the present time. It is no longer a theory, but an exact science, the science of bacteriology. The doctor's discussion included germs from the surgeon's viewpoint, and from the viewpoint of preventative medical science. The positive side of the physician's work, the prevention of disease, works wonders greater even than the miracles of modern surgery. The doctor used as illustrative examples sanitation in army camps, vaccination against disease, and the eradication of malaria and of yellow fever. Dr. Berteling was University physician when Notre Dame suffered from malaria epidemics years ago. He was instrumental in exterminating the disease.

Among the Homecoming guests was included Mr. "Stony" McGlynn who visited old friends among the faculty.

Why Boy Guidance?

ROY E. BENNETT

"He didn't have a fair chance." Each of us hears that phrase many times when we read about or are told of some poverty stricken youth or young fellow from the slums recently sentenced to the reformatory. Not long ago a person well acquainted with all the facts of the case made the same remark when speaking of a certain millionaire's son who is spending the rest of his life behind the bars without hope of pardon. Were his name to be mentioned you would immediately recall the facts: how the youth in question was a pampered son who was supposed to have everything that it was possible for a youth to have including money and a university education. Though the former came from the lowest strata of social life and the latter from the highest they had one point in common. Each failed to receive the chance to which he was entitled. Each was deprived of proper guidance during boyhood. A brief summary of several illustrative cases will show the value of the guidance which they failed to receive.

Harry was a typical example of the first class. He grew up in a home where poverty hung like an ominous cloud over the family. He was one of a large family, the father of which was a poorly paid laborer. At night Harry's father was too tired to listen to a recitation of his son's problems. All of Harry's spare time out of school was spent on the streets selling papers or in some poolroom until he was old enough to quit school to work in a factory. While thus engaged in his struggle against poverty some so called friends pointed out to him a means of freeing himself from poverty and enjoying the good times for which he yearned. Shortly afterward his father, who had been too tired to listen to his son's problems, was grief stricken and ashamed because a judge sent his son to the reformatory for attempt-

ing a bank robbery. Harry was a victim of poverty, it was said. Was he not in reality a victim of the lack of guidance?

In the case of Tom we have a youth whose environment brought about his downfall. All about him he saw crime and unhappiness. Those around him taught Tom to look upon society and the law as his enemies. The poolroom was his hangout, a successful criminal his hero, a vice lord his ideal, and a loafer his teacher. His father, a bootlegger, put the boy to work for him. All went well until Tom made a false step. He sold some of his "white lightning" to a man from headquarters; with the result that before long Tom, like Harry, was in the reformatory. Tom was a victim of environment it was said. Was he not in reality a victim of the lack of proper guidance?

Finally we have the case of Dick. His father was a millionaire who was always away from home in response either to commercial, political, civic, or social demands. His mother was a society leader who spent her time in charity work, the fad in her set. Dick, after spending his early years not under the care of his parents but rather under the care of their employees was turned loose in a university with plenty of money. To him father was a stranger whose only purpose was to pay bills. Dick naturally drifted into a fast clique, and after four years of such life received his degree. By this time he had experienced every thrill within his reach and craved more. He sought means to satisfy his craving. Finally with the aid of a friend he committed a crime, during which the victim was killed. As a result Dick will spend the rest of his life behind the bars without hope of pardon. Dick was a victim of our present social system, which had caused him to be deprived of the proper guidance.

Not so long ago the family was a distinct unit economically and socially. The father did his work at home or at least was at home. The son had his chores to perform and perhaps assisted his father during the day. The family retired early so that they might be ready to begin the new day right. On Sunday the entire family attended church together. Under such circumstances the father and son were thrown into close companionship and the father had plenty of time to aid his son in solving the problems which came before the youth of that day.

Certainly times have changed. As a result the need has arisen of developing a substitute to supplement the modern father who lacks time to guide his son as fathers of earlier days guided their sons. As times have changed, conditions have changed so that there is an increase in the free time of the boy. Similarly the large home with a yard to play in has been replaced either by an apartment without a yard or by a small house with enough room only for a garden. The street and playground have now replaced the large yards of earlier days.

The solution of the vital problem of properly training the youth of today lies in guiding him during his leisure time, which due to modern conditions is spent away from home either on the playground and in the clubrooms of the various boys' organizations, or in the streets and the poolrooms. The boy is guided in the school room and the church, but it is during his free time that he establishes and applies the rules of living which he will follow throughout the remainder of his life. Is he to receive his training through being taught smutty stories, foul speech, and evil habits by the vagrant loafer in the poolroom or is he to be taught clean speech, good habits, and fair play by a trained worker, who, having studied the problems of youth, is able to attract him to the playgrounds, clubrooms, and club meetings and there give the boy proper

guidance so that he will follow the path that leads to good citizenship?

To fill the crying need for guidance—that there is such a need is evidenced by the great volume of crime which is committed in this age as compared to earlier times—many organizations have developed throughout the country such as the Y. M. C. A., Y. M. H. A., Boy Scouts, Boys Clubs, Big Brother organizations, Catholic Boys Brigade, Newsboys Clubs and various other boys' organizations of either local or national scope, including those clubs sponsored by many fraternal organizations such as the Columbian Squires, the De Molays, etc. That these organizations are a great force for good numerous juvenile court judges throughout the country will testify.

While a great deal of money has been spent in this work and many well equipped buildings have been provided, yet to date comparatively few of the boys of America have been reached. Very few of the classes to which Tom, Dick, and Harry belonged have been brought into touch with this beneficial force. To date the youth of the great middle class, which really need little guidance beyond that which they receive in the home, has received most attention. Those boys who need guidance most will receive it in an adequate measure only when a sufficiently large number of men to take care of the needs of all the boys has been trained. It is to meet this need that we find Springfield College training Y. M. C. A. workers, Columbia University offering a course for scout executives, Notre Dame offering a course in Boy Guidance, etc. These training courses are supplemented by the short courses in Boyology which the Knights of Columbus, Y. M. C. A., and other organizations are offering to volunteer workers.

Not until Tom, Dick, Harry, and the rest of young America are directed in their leisure time by competent, trained men may we properly say "Every boy has had his chance."

REED ADDRESSES PRESS CLUB

An interesting talk on publicity work given by Mr. Ralph R. Reed, news manager of the South Bend *News-Times*, was the principal feature of Tuesday's meeting of the Press Club. Mr. Reed emphasized the fact that our age is one of publicity; one in which almost every story contains at least an element of advertising for some person or firm. He commented upon the care that must be exercised by every news-editor in choosing, from the great masses of publicity he receives, only those items which have a news value superior to their worth as publicity. The unfair and unethical tactics of some men engaged in the work has, he said, given the profession a bad name which it does not wholly deserve.

After Mr. Reed's talk, a business meeting was called to order. President Mark Nevils announced that final arrangements had been made for establishing a Notre Dame news bureau that will furnish Catholic weeklies throughout the country with news of the University. Joseph P. McNamara, present head of the news-bureau, will co-operate with the Press Club in gathering the news to be sent out.

Assignments will be given to the members of the club at each meeting. Copy will be due the following Saturday. From the best of the copy submitted, two mimeographed sheets will be made up and sent to each of the papers with which the Press Club will be affiliated.

The meeting adjourned after the committee on membership had read its recommendations to the club. —J.A.M.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY MEETS

Prof. J. Withrow, head of the Department of Chemical Engineering at Ohio State University, was the speaker at the forty-third meeting of the St. Joseph Valley Section of the American Chemical Society, held Wednesday evening, November 17, in Chemistry Hall. The title of Prof. Withrow's lecture was "Lime." He reported on much of the great amount of research being done in this field, mentioning a number of the problems that confront the scientist. Lime

has been used for ages, is a relatively simple substance, yet science knows but little of it. Prof. Withrow, who has long been active in chemical fields, has directed considerable research for the National Lime Association. Since his facts were first hand, his talk was concrete and interesting. The lecture was illustrated with stereopticon views.

On the afternoon of the same day Prof. Withrow spoke to the chemical engineers, discussing the nature of chemical engineering training and work. Both lectures were well attended.

FOOTBALL JUGGLER OUT

The Army game was not the only football special on the menu for Notre Dame students as the *Juggler* put on his football suit and stepped before the footlights for the second time this season. This time the Funny Fellow is graced with an excellent cover by H. Engles—a cover with a couple of red-headed captains on it.

The art work all through the magazine, as well as the humor, makes it a true football number which harmonizes well with campus spirit at this time. Harwood, Culliney, and Harrington as usual have submitted excellent work. The written humor is above par and the attractive makeup is a compliment to Les Grady. One familiar feature is missing—the picture of the pretty girls in the theatre section. It is supplanted by a photograph of Charlie Butterworth, a Notre Dame man of '24, who at present is starring in the musical comedy "Americana." We rather liked the innovation for this number but we hope that the Funny Fellow doesn't make practice of it all the time. How, then, can we finish our wall decorations?

WILL ROGERS AT PALAIS

Will Rogers, the famous American humorist, will appear at the Palais Royale Monday evening. This "gentleman of the barnyard" possesses a subtle humor that has brought him much popularity and fame. Mr. Rogers has a unique way of conveying his wit to his public and unlike many humorists, he is humorous. —C.A.R.

[illegible]

HARRY A. M'GUIRE

Is it something to bet on? You'll bet upon the time it takes a four-legged brute to paw around a track!

Is it something to boast about? You'll boast about the make of car your father's money bought!

Is it a thing to sing about over the cups? No honor there—you'll sing about aggraving' papa and that redheaded gal five minutes later!

Is it something good to look at? So is Valentino if his makeup is good!

Is it something to criticise? You'll spend thirty minutes a day criticizing your janitor!

Is it something that affords you the opportunity for parading your knowledge of football technique? Exams offer a similar opportunity, yet you dislike them, because they call your bluff!

Does it mean *all* of these things to you? Let it mean all of them, and you have as yet revealed no viewpoint that sheds credit upon you.

For to Notre Dame men their team is something vital. It stands in their estimation as the incarnation of the glories and the trials, the final triumphs and the inevitable defeats of their school. It apotheosizes in their minds the ideals of Notre Dame—as it crouches there on the field it is to them the spirit of Notre Dame itself, hoary with years but young, defeated but never beaten, victorious but never victor, strong with the strength of war but delicate as a flower and gentle as a girl. They see in that mighty spirit the hands that have built the walls of Notre Dame, the minds that have slaved upon its problems, the lips that have prayed for the school and for them. In that spirit they find the souls of the saints who have drudged that they might live to the full, and the souls of long-forgotten men who fought on the field in blood that Notre Dame might have a good tradition. And they find in that spirit a courage and self-sacrifice, a love of good and scorn for evil that God and His human Mother lend to the armies of Notre Dame.

That's what their team means to Notre Dame men!

NOTRE DAME LAWYER APPEARS

The *Notre Dame Lawyer* has made its initial appearance on the campus for the year with a page of contents that well upholds the high standards of last year. Chief among the contributors in the November issue are Father John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., and Samuel Pettingill. The latter is a prominent lawyer practicing in South Bend.

Father Cavanaugh's article is entitled "The Late Edward J. McDermott." It is a very interesting treatise on the life of the man who has given Notre Dame her law library. Mr. Pettingill's article is one of great worth concerning the results of law enforcement.

Editor-in-chief Clarence J. Ruddy has two excellent features of his own. The magazine shows a careful selection of material so that the book may please both the technical and the uninitiated mind.

The Lay Apostolate

VICTOR F. LEMMER

(*Commencement Oration, 1926*)

All of us who have heard the story have been edified by the reply of Roger B. Taney, fifth chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to the priest who, observing that the eminent jurist might have a long wait for his turn, to confession, said to him, "Chief Justice, you are a busy man; take a place nearer the confessional." "Not Chief Justice here, Father, but a prisoner at the bar," responded the soul of this true Catholic layman. To find this same spirit in the Catholic man of to-day is the greatest need of the Church, and the Catholic who performs his religious duties in earnest cannot fail to realize the seriousness of the mission of our lay apostolate.

This is the century of the layman. In consequence of our very circumstances every one of us is a potential apostle of Christ, and as graduates of a great Catholic University we have a serious duty of becoming active apostles as teachers and defenders of our faith.

No matter what may be our station in life, whether that of the humble laborer living in imitation of the carpenter, St. Joseph, or that of the capitalist, or that of the professional man, we are destined to be the first to meet the attacks upon the Church, and hence we should be the first to defend her. Are we as members of this lay apostolate going to shirk our duty or are we going to command the respect of our fellowmen by demonstrating to all the world that we are Catholics?

Because the world seeks of the layman information on religious subjects which it will not seek from the Catholic priest, the possible influence of the layman is beyond estimate, and consequently should be well instructed in his faith. It is necessary that he know in detail the doctrines of the Church and its history. He should also be well acquainted with the monumental record of her achievement, in which are

stored the noble deeds of the faithful of every age and country. He should be familiar with the sacrifices of the early Christians and the sufferings of the Martyrs who have given their lives that Christ's mission may not be in vain. He should enter into his apostolate with the spirit that animated such men as Christopher Columbus, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, General George Thomas, and that greatest Catholic layman in America, Orestes A. Brownson. Brownson it is who has best expressed the mission of Catholic laymen. "The object of the Church in all her dealings with those without as well as those within is the salvation of souls. As her faithful children our mission must also be this; and we shall be able to realize it only in so far as we live in accordance with the spirit of our religion. We succeed in influencing others for their good only in proportion as we set before them an example fit for them to follow—are meek, gentle, humble, charitable, kind, and affectionate in our intercourse with them."

Magnificent indeed are the opportunities now offered to the Catholic laity. Our paramount need in the Church to-day is for lay leaders, of model men, who in their private lives are above reproach, men, resolute and trustworthy, well-trained in faith and morals, men, whose lives will be a convincing illustration of the Catholic principles they profess. As standard-bearers of the Church militant they must be genuinely religious men and good citizens. They must pray for the light and strength necessary for the prosecution of their work. They must be men who know how to take care of their own souls before trying to take care of the souls of their fellowmen. As true leaders in the fold of Christ, they must have the advantage of a superior education, because authority and influence can be exercised only by well-developed minds and stout hearts. Wherever intelligence is required, as in business enterprise, scientific inquiry, literature or

statemanship, Catholic leaders of the right kind have now an unlimited opportunity for doing good.

Whence are to come the Catholic layman who are to do this great work, which can be done by no one else? Catholic higher educators alone can provide them. In this age of education our leaders must be men of university training. And as graduates of the University of Notre Dame we are among the elect. Throughout our four years here we have lived close to God and to His Holy Mother. Day by day we have been disciplining ourselves to duty, storing our minds with knowledge firmly buttressed with religion and morality, with justice and charity. We have taken Notre Dame for our Alma Mater and she has adopted us as her children. It is ours then to illustrate her teaching, to extend her mission, to vindicate her ideals.

As Catholic college men we have a very particular and responsible mission in the world. "Why do we educate," asks Cardinal Newman, "except to prepare for the world?" To him a university is "a place to fit men of the world for the world." Obviously, our mission is a Catholic mission, the work for which our Catholic college education has especially prepared us. Our labor, if it is to have value and effect, must be informed by a supernatural motive, by the love of God and the love of our neighbor for God. Well may we rejoice in the gift of faith and the opportunity to be leaders in developing the spiritual side of man's nature, for, as Daniel Webster says, most truly: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowmen, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."

We are told that when a prisoner St. Paul rose into proud distinction and won the respect of the Roman soldiers and of the Jews when on being asked by the tribune at Jerusalem, "Art thou a Roman?" he replied, "I am." Among the people of antiquity it

was a great honor to be a Roman citizen. To-day it is quite as great a distinction to be able to say, "I am an American citizen." To us who are graduating from Notre Dame is given the supreme privilege of saying, "We are Catholic American citizens." America is one of the few countries in the world in which the Church is really free. Under the Constitution of the United States the Church enjoys complete liberty. The founders of our government realized well that without a belief in God and in a future life the nation could not endure as the home of liberty. The free nation must for its own protection, if for no better reason, be a religious nation. "Whatever," declares Washington, the Father of Our Country, "may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

"Next to God," as Archbishop Ireland expresses it, "is country, and next to religion is patriotism." Catholics should be the truest patriots in the land because in their Catholic doctrine they have the best reason for love of country and for service to country. As citizens they should be distinguished for their devotion to country. As graduates of a Catholic University we must demonstrate by our spirit and our conduct that religion is the very foundation of liberty. As Catholic leaders we must stand guard against the forces that would undermine and disrupt our great commonwealth. We must be devoted in a practical way to the principles of our Constitution; we must be ardent lovers of the flag and all that it symbolizes; we must take an active interest in public affairs, bearing cheerfully our part of the burden, and we must always be willing to hearken to the call of our country in the time of need. Notre Dame expects this of us; she expects us to be leaders of the lay apostolate, first in the service of God and then in the service of country.

The Catholic leader must not neglect to ask God for blessing on his mission in life and for the courage and guidance necessary to acquire it. We who have received our

education at Notre Dame ought to have a lifelong and progressive devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Here we have been encouraged to this devotion and most properly. Through our practice of daily communion we have learned the science and art of leadership from Christ, the Leader of leaders. Three-quarters of a century ago Father Sorin, the founder of the University, brought blessings on his work through nocturnal adoration of the Holy Eucharist. It was at Notre Dame that the first Eucharistic Congress in America was held. Thus through the years this devotion has become a tradition of Notre Dame and it should be a characteristic of the Notre Dame man throughout his life.

The true Catholic layman will always be enthusiastically proud of his religion. To him his religion must be what it was to Roger Taney. We are told by Taney's biographer

that although this great Chief Justice lived with jurists of other faiths, he never neglected to kneel in prayer to seek divine guidance before he began the duties of the day. We in like manner must openly rely upon our religion as the vitalizing force of our daily lives, as did Chief Justice Taney, Christopher Columbus, Charles Carroll, General Thomas, and Orestes Brownson.

The lay apostle, the Notre Dame man, must labor for Christ and for His Glory. By the grace of God and the help of His Blessed Mother, to whom this University of ours is dedicated, we shall live successfully for our own salvation and the salvation of others. And, so when our life work is done we shall be able to say with the apostle of the Gentiles, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

—June 12, 1926.

LOOKING BACKWARD *Through Scholastic Files*

The Notre Dame team which Coach Longman brought to Poly yesterday was pronounced by many local experts who saw them in action to be the champion eleven of the West. It was not the team which lost to Michigan Aggies. It was the team that Longman prepared for Michigan, and Poly was forced to take the place of Michigan. The Irish won 41-3 and it was only by the most desperate kind of fighting that the engineers were able to hold the score around the forty mark.

Terre Haute Star, November 19, 1910.

* * * * *

Cancellation of the Notre Dame contest meets with disfavor from the maize and blue alumni and outside institutions: matter could have been more easily settled.

Michigan's cancellation of the game with Notre Dame on the eve of the first whistle for a great contest toward which both had been looking for exactly a year is the topic among all rooters in town since the news came in from Ann Arbor. There are parti-

sans pro and con the decision, but the "pro's" are most insistent in their argument which starts from this point. The Wolverines did more damage to themselves than to the Catholics. For, say the dissenters, the cancellation of the game deprived Michigan of a contest that would do more to point the men for the battles with Pennsylvania and Minnesota than any other means possibly can; it reduces the receipts of the Athletic Association some \$5,000 at least; it denies the men who suffered defeat at the hands of Notre Dame in 1909 a chance to even things up; and, worst of all, it gives Notre Dame leverage for a boast that Michigan is afraid of the big eleven from South Bend. *Detroit News*, November 19, 1910.

LYONS AND FRESHMAN TIE

In the opinion of the judges, Lyons and Freshman Halls tied for first place as the best decorated hall on the campus. Honorable mention was also awarded to Sorin, whose decorations consisted of a blue light in the Rector's window, Corby and Walsh, who boasted of a streamer each, and also to Morrissey who commemorated the day with glowing embers on the hearth.

CLEVELAND CLUB DANCE

On Monday evening, November 22, the Cleveland Club met in a special session to discuss plans for the Notre Dame, Cleveland Club dance, to be held during the Christmas holidays. Judging from the plans now under consideration, this will be the best dance ever staged in Cleveland by Notre Dame men.

The matter of choosing a place for the dance has been put in the hands of a committee. These men will be in Cleveland over this week end, and being on the field of battle, will be better able to bring the question to a happy issue.

Both the Union Club, Cleveland's exclusive social mecca, and the Allerton Club, a new residential hotel in the downtown district are possible places for the dance. If the Union Club can be obtained, it is almost certain to be the center of attraction for Notre Dame men of the Fifth City on the night of December 27. However, considering the Allerton Club, and its mediaeval grandeur, not to mention its sparkling newness, the committee may report "Allerton."

Austin Wylie's Golden Pheasant Orchestra, which has added much of brightness to the evening of many a "night-clubber," is being very seriously considered as the font of syn-copation for the evening. However, Emerson Gill's Bamboo Garden Boys constitute a very good second choice, if they may be called that. Emerson or Austin! Boy! Can they PLAY!

The dance will be semi-closed. That is to say, it will be invitational, and each member of the club will be responsible for his number of tickets and invitations. In this manner a congenial, acquainted crowd will gather at the Union or Allerton to dance to the soothing strains of Austin or Emerson. If you happen to be in Cleveland on the evening of the 27th, come around. You are promised somewhat of an evening.

Oh yes! This is confidential. After Tom Byrne and the other boys look over the samples from Colgate and Coty, the girls are almost certain to receive very collegiate compacts with a Notre Dame seal on each. You really should come!

—G.A.K.

IOWA CLUB MEETS

The men from the Hawkeye State gathered in the Law Building last Thursday evening for the purpose of deciding the constitution of the club. Being a new organization, and still in its embryonic stage, the constitution was necessary before the club would be accepted as a Notre Dame organization. The rules were read by President Dailey and put before the house to vote on. The Constitution passed with but few provisions.

Then plans were drawn for a banquet to be held at the College Inn of the LaSalle Hotel some time early in December. Committees will be announced to set the date and procure the entertainment.

AN INTERVIEW

Who is the youngest boy enrolled at Saint Edward's school this year? It was learned, after a good deal of inquiry, that the honor belonged to Arthur Lencioni. Arthur is a newcomer at Saint Edward's school. He is a small, sturdy, fair-skinned boy, with large guileless blue eyes. He seemed to be utterly unaware of the high honor which is his by right of chronology.

After we had learned that he was the youngest boy matriculated at Saint Edward's, we walked to where he was playing.

"What's your name, son?" we asked him.

"Arthur," he replied.

"Arthur what?" we queried further.

"Arthur Lencioni." Lencioni is pronounced as though an "h" stood between the "c" and the "i", with the accent on that syllable.

"How old are you, Arthur?" we interrogated.

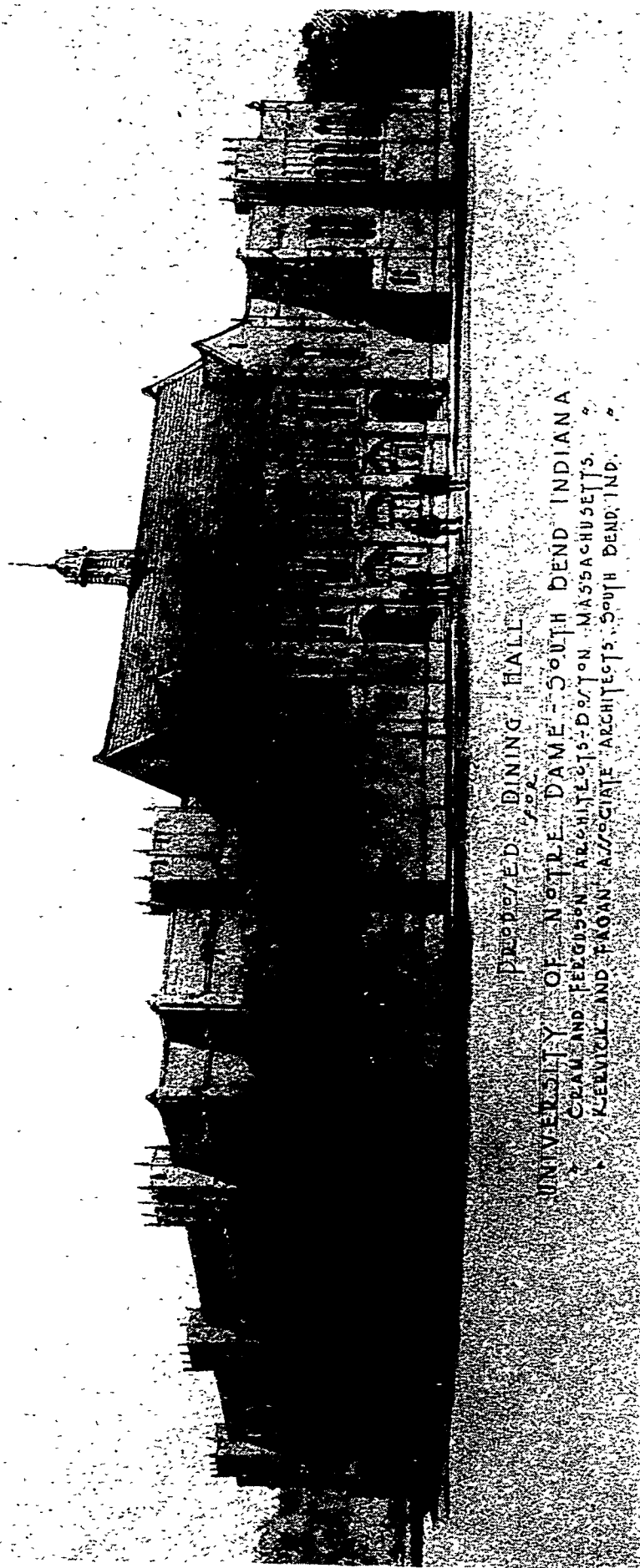
"Six years old," he said without protest. Then after about half a minute had passed, he questioned quietly: "Why?"

"Just wanted to know," we explained.

We were going to ask him where he lived, but an older fellow came up to us and said: "Lend me a dime, will you?"

We deemed it better to depart then, than to remain. We gave him the address of Brother Florence and hastily took to our reportorial heels.

—L. R. M.



PROPOSED DINING HALL—(Front View)

NOTRE DAME POETS APPEAR

The work of several Notre Dame poets has again been brought to public view through the recent publication of two important books. In one, "The Book of Modern Catholic Poetry," edited by the English poet Theodore Maynard, appear verses from six poets whose names are, or have been in the past, associated with the University. They are Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., Charles Phillips, Charles Warren Stoddard, Maurice Francis Egan, Speer Strahan and George N. Shuster. Four of Father O'Donnell's finest productions are included in Mr. Maynard's collection, "Forgiveness," "Resolution," "Ad Matrem, in Coelis," and "Out of the Idyls." In the introduction to the volume Mr. Maynard names Father O'Donnell as "the best of the younger poets . . . A not unworthy successor to Tabb."

Mr. Phillips' contribution to the volume is a hitherto unpublished lyric, "Willow River," which celebrates a little stream "unmapped, uncharted, hidden from the pride of traveled science," in his native Wisconsin, a stream which he compares to some of the great historic rivers he has seen, Tiber, Danube, Seine, Vistula, Arno. From Stoddard, one of the famous men who once occupied the chair of English literature here, Mr. Maynard has chosen "The Albatroos" and "A Mantucket Grave;" from Egan, a famous sonnet, "Maurice de Tuerin." Father Strahan (ordained in 1925; now teaching at the Catholic University of America) contributes a splendid example of free verse, "Prayer for a Levite," and two exquisite lyrics, "Sea" and "A Day of Snow." Mr. Shuster is represented by a polished sonnet, "What Highway?" Other poets, known to Notre Dame through their visits here, are Thomas A. Daly, Aline Kilmer and Thomas Walsh. There are also poems by Mary Kolars (Sister of Frank Kolars, '25) and Sister Madalena, formerly of St. Mary's College.

The second book, a new and enlarged edition of Joyce Kilmer's anthology, "Dreams and Images," contains poems by several of the above named poets, including lyrics by Father O'Donnell and a poem entitled "Music," by Professor Phillips.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEAR EDITOR:

"I see by the papers," as Mr. Dooley used to remark, that the students of Northwestern University have been out on a "hilario," celebrating the victories of their football term. According to the Press reports, the police with rifles and hand grenades, were called out; "L" trains were "captured," windows smashed, telephone booths and ticket offices wrecked, and so on. Bad business.

This reminds me of the news that came down from Ann Arbor a week or two ago, when our Michigan neighbors rioted and had to be disbursed by the police with tear-gas bombs.

And it reminds me of something else; of the gala "doin's" in South Bend the day the N. D. team started for the Army game. There was a racket here that day, yes; but with a difference. Crowds of our men "took" the Palace Theater. But do you recall what happened? One word from a local pastor, and that "mob" rose as a man, walked quietly out, bought tickets for the show, and reentered the theater in orderly manner. More than that, the street flags that the local students took for their parade were, with three or four exceptions, returned to their owners. Something like the remarkable demonstration of order and discipline in '24, wasn't it, when hundreds of students, although assaulted and enraged by the attacking klansters, marched back quietly to the campus at one word from their president.

Disorder never reflects credit on a school. But these are two things that I think are worth calling attention to here, in regard to local "hilarios." They are, first, the friendly tolerance South end people show for youthful exuberance; and second, the well nigh perfect "orderly disorder" of N. D. men when they start their fun.

I don't believe there is a school of its size in the United States that can equal the record of N. D. on the score of respect for property and gentlemanly discipline. Hand grenades, rifles, and tear-gas aren't needed here.

That's the right N. D. spirit!—H.M.A.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

By John T. Cullinan

Following his father, the late Joyce Kilmer, Kenton Kilmer, a freshman at Holy Cross College has contributed his first poem to the college publication under the title of "Said the Goldenrod."

"I stand amid the fading flowers
And rise above them as they fall,
For I am king in Autumn's bowers
Until I hear the last sad call.
A shield of gold across the field,
Beside the rock a golden lance;
These are the weapons that I wield
To parry Winter's sure advance."

A Sophomore at the University of Texas has invented a date card which is in the order of a check and for the purpose of simplifying and adding to the dignity of an engagement. The man fills out the card and attached stub the card being submitted to any co-ed sufficiently enthusiastic and the date is made. Co-eds are collecting these cards. What if the payee is missing?

Gil Dobie, Cornell University coach, is complaining, "Football is utterly hopeless here. We can't pretend to meet our rivals on even terms. Other schools get football players, boys born and bred in the game, who come to college with prep school reputations. Here all we have are students. Their principal interest is in their academic and scientific course. The courses are so tough they can't allow football to interfere. And those we get on the football field are not real athletes and never will be." The curse of scholarship.

Because three new dormitories have been opened a quarter of a mile from the center of the campus, students at Smith College, Northampton, Mass., have been forced to purchase second hand bicycles as time-savers. A Northampton dealer recently advertised: "We would like to buy about ten or fifteen

second-hand ladies' bicycles." The girls raged and stormed. Not one on the campus thinks she is a second-hand lady. It is approximated that between two and three hundred girls are riding to class daily, but as yet no serious traffic problem has been found on the college campus.

Toward the end of this month we shall all celebrate Red Grange Diploma Day, the anniversary of the day Harold Grange, ex-'25, said it was his ambition to go back to the University of Illinois for the coveted, but not much, sheepskin.—*F. P. A. in the New York World.*

On the question of Big Ten football, the Minnesota Daily, editorially speaking, says, "Minnesota wants Notre Dame in the Conference. There is no question in anybody's mind but that Notre Dame is worthy of the opposition of any team in the Conference. Minnesota has found that out in the last two games. And the Maroon and Gold eleven has found that the Notre Dame game is as big a drawing card as any other game in the Conference. As we see it, the colorful Knute Rockne and his band of Irishmen will be an asset to any League. It is not a question with us whether we want Notre Dame or not. We hope the invitation will be extended this fall to the Irish to come into the Conference. Nothing would please Minnesota better than to have the South Bend university accept the invitation. There are those who say Knute Rockne will not consider any attachments as he crashed year after year toward national championships. This may be so. But we believe Mr. Rockne and his associates will give such an offer a great deal of consideration. We believe it will strengthen the Notre Dame cause to be affiliated with the Big Ten; we know the Big Ten will benefit."

EDITORIAL

"WHO?" AND "WHERE?"

Where are the poets of Notre Dame?

Who are the poets of Notre Dame?

To discover "who?" is the purpose of a contest now being held by the Scribblers; it was not dreamed by these men in instituting the affair that the question "where?" would arise. Regrettably, it has arisen.

Thus far but one writer has submitted a manuscript to be entered in the contest. And this despite the fact that it is common knowledge that Notre Dame abounds with undergraduates capable of expressing worthwhile thoughts in worthwhile poetic form. Why should the question "where?" arise.

Do the campus poets fail to understand that the contest is open to everyone? Do they have the idea that the affair is in some mysterious way exclusive? Let them disabuse themselves of this notion immediately. Every man who can write is urged to enter.

Do these men think they will not be given a square deal? If the fact that the contest is being held at Notre Dame is not enough answer to this question, let them consider these facts: that no names appear on the manuscripts, and that no names are known to anyone until after the awards are decided.

Are the campus poets afraid of being "razzed?" If this last is the explanation, then we fear that only a little age and wisdom will demonstrate adequately that he who is not "razzed" has never accomplished anything.

Whatever the reason or reasons for the lack of contributions, they should be discarded, and every undergraduate possessed of ability should enter the contest and make of it the success which it certainly deserves.

—J. A. B.

DON'T MISS IT!

The SCHOLASTIC hastens to take cognizance of the recent appearance of the Notre Dame *Lawyer*, and to give it the place which it rightfully owns as a magazine entirely and exceptionally worthy of the School of Law. The SCHOLASTIC accords to Editor Clarence Ruddy and his associates a bow of respect and congratulation for having produced the finest issue of a fine publication.

And with the bow comes the thought of a suggestion. Is the School of Law supporting its publication as it deserves to be supported? Are the lawyers and the pre-lawyers subscribing one hundred per cent to an undergraduate magazine that features articles by such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Samuel B. Pettengill, Michael J. Doyle, Benedict Elder, and William D. Guthrie, president of the New York Bar Association?

The SCHOLASTIC feels almost vacuous in suggesting the merits of a publication whose fine points are so outstanding and obvious to men who should know more of those merits than does the SCHOLASTIC. But to mention the Notre Dame *Lawyer* without at the same time strongly urging every student of law to subscribe would be silly. Therefore the SCHOLASTIC commends the *Lawyer* and in passing mentions that the subscription price may be placed on the school bill. Everyone interested in law should make it his business to subscribe so that the December issue, featuring "Military Law and Military Justice," by Maj. Charles H. McDonald, U. S. Army, will come into his hands warm from the press. Every law and pre-law student at Notre Dame should subscribe; so too should every other student interest himself in this decidedly worthwhile publication.

—J.A.B.

HOBNAILS

THE CHAPEL

*In the basement chapel
The little bell rings
Joyously noisy.
Men surge forward
Eager and happy
To meet their God
In the basement chapel.*

*In the basement chapel
The red lamp burns brightly
Silent and peaceful.
He is not so unhappy
At the world's wickedness
For they have adored Him,
In the basement chapel.*

—ENEJ LE REF.

We were joyful to note, in last week's SCHOLASTIC, that soup will be served in the new dining hall when it is completed. How do we know? We will quote the passage verbatim: "The floors are terrazo; the walls, of sound-deadening plaster."

BALLET OF THE WIND

(To Nellmae)

The merry wind kisses your hair
And lightly whirls away
Playing music among the trees
Then capering gracefully
Through the green meadows
And cajoling the creek
To tinkling melodies
When your eyes laugh
With the joy of Youth.

—H.J.S.

FRESH OBSERVATIONS

After living in Freshman Hall for a couple of months I have come to the conclusion that Hamlet wasn't the only college man who has yelled, "Lights."

A fellow in Brownson was heard singing the Prisoner's Song. When he got to the words "I'm tired of living alone" someone accidentally hit him with an ax.

Professor Moore has offered to give his English class a suggestive reading list. Without appearing too impolite, I should like to remind Mr. Moore that a Notre Dame man does not go in for that kind of reading.

—N. D. LINE.

UNTARNISHED LOYALTY

It seems peculiar that so few people have ever questioned the perfection of loyalty. We hear loyalty shouted at us from the time we enter the first grade until we are retired from active life by a kind hearted employer who gives us six months wages and goes his way, feeling virtuous.

First it is loyalty to our school. Good old Saint So and So. Then it is loyalty to our college, despite the fact that we are warned that we must struggle for everything we get and if we show any weakness we are dropped. Later, when we really get into the battle, and make our way step by step, not through anyone's benevolence, but through our own ability, we are still expected to keep up this farce of undying devotion for one whom we may hate.

A certain love for a high school, or even more, for a University which we have attended, is natural enough, even commendable. For, as we are often told, if we do not like the institution we have chosen, we may always go elsewhere. But why any man, whether grubbing away for a few dollars a week, or treading the softer ways of prosperity, in the employ of someone else, should be expected to have genuine affection for that someone else's business, is beyond comprehension. The grubber is paid only what he is worth, or possibly a little less, and his more prosperous brother is prosperous only until he slips and then—but who ever heard of an employer's loyalty to his employees?

—BROWNSONIAN.

IMMORTALITY

A student of the great University of Peking
Carved his name in the fresh cement
Of a sidewalk at the University.

How extremely appropriate,
Remarked the Philosopher, after deep meditation:
How extremely appropriate
That this student should carve his name
In a place where all
Will walk upon it.

—LI CHAN.

We were discussing Prometheus with our friend, Ye Literary Ed. In most respects, Prometheus is apparently a normal Notre Dame man. We had never suspected him of any great peculiarity until, when he was visiting us the other day, he refused a Chesterfield that we offered him.

"Doesn't Prometheus smoke cigarettes?" we asked Ye Editor.

"No," he answered, with some sadness, "Camels."

—CYRANO.

LITERARY

*The Camel Breaks His Back**In Which the Proverbial Straw Does Its Work*

RICHARD PARRISH

"It's as I'm a tellin' you judge; he looked at me that way and I had to bash him. I had to, I tell you. I couldn't help it. Why—even you'd a done it. I—" The voice of the speaker slowly faded away.

"That'll be enough of that," the judge commanded sharply, his eyes severely fixed on the shrinking figure before him. "I don't see how you can stand there and tell me that you had a right to break a bowl of soup over the head of a waiter because he *looked* at you. What sort of a reason is that?" The judge now assumed his most impressive manner, his head supported by one arm, his right index finger ponted at the prisoner. "That's what's wrong with this country to-day," he snapped, his eye straying significantly toward the press box. "You're like the rest of them—disregarding the law and then giving such an excuse as that. If I had my way you'd go to the penitentiary for a long stay. Didn't like the way he looked at you, eh? Well, perhaps your worship objects to the manner in which I am regarding you."

Amos Dorgan squirmed miserably in his chair. His hands gripped, his head jerking nervously, his eyes straying continually as though in search for an open door, he resembled an entrapped creature. But he knew there was no means of escape. He must sit here until such time as the judge chose to pronounce sentence. Sentence? He shuddered, his head whirling. What would they do with him? What was the judge saying now? Something about the penitentiary. Penitentiary? Why, that meant—He quailed, his eye meeting the threatening finger of the law.

Amos Dorgan had not always quailed be-

fore the law. Two weeks before he had literally laughed in the face of all the laws of the land. It was this very presumption which had placed him in his present horrid predicament.

Amos Dorgan was one of those meek little men who spend the most of their life in keeping from under the feet of others. He was made to be stepped upon; he knew it and was humbled accordingly. He was short, shy, and narrow chested. His eyes were constantly searching for something in the general neighborhood of his feet; his shoulders were rounded and his walk was sort of—well, apologetic.

Amos was married and was employed as a clerk in the Benson Drygoods Emporium. Hence he had two particular bosses, his wife and Benson. The word "particular" is used advisedly here because everyone who knew him was more or less a boss in their relations with him. His life was a continual round of being ordered about.

"You haven't any more spunk than a rabbit," his wife would tell him. "I'd be ashamed not to have nerve enough to ask old Benson for a raise. Here we ain't got enough to keep us alive; you've never had but one raise since I married you."

"Mr. Benson treats me very nice," he would explain painfully, defending his employer. "He was telling me only to-day how low his profits are."

Benson, the store owner, bullied him with and without provocation. "Dorgan," he would shout, "can't you wear shoes that don't squeak once an' a while? Seems to me you try to worry people." Amos would spend long hours that night trying to remove the squeak.

Amos' one dissipation was his weekly visit to a nearby moving picture theatre. This was the single exciting event in an otherwise humdrum existence. He would return from work earlier than customary on such days, alert and almost beaming.

"Fine picture on this week, I hear," he would suggest in his mild manner.

"Hope it's better than the one you took us to last week," his wife would snap with a sour look.

"Oh, this one's extra fine," he would return, hiding his disappointment with difficulty.

That evening he would stumble along to the theatre, his mind fully occupied in keeping the children in regular marching order and his wife in good humor.

"Two adults and three children, please," he would mutter to the suspicious and gum-chewing girl in the box office. Receiving his change he would immediately thrust it into his pocket, realizing only too well that if he should be short-changed he would never have the courage to argue the point.

In the darkened theatre Amos would become another man. As the picture unfolded its story his imagination would run riot. No longer a humble clerk, he would become a true two-gun man, or, better still, a dashing sheik whose horse was the swiftest of the desert steeds. Carried on the swell of his aroused imagination, he would become in turn the hero of each picture which he saw. Brave deeds and heroic actions would fill his very life. Galloping furiously across the desert, with a sand storm at his back and a robber band before him, he would draw his gun and would be raising it to deal death freely and gloriously, when—

"Amos! Wake up!" A hand would brutally shake him.

"What? What?" Amos would ejaculate in bewilderment, staring wildly about him. Then—returning once again to the old world of routine—"All right Annie, I ain't asleep. All right, all right."

Amos never forgot his one big adventure—that day when he had almost shaken hands with the President of the United States.

His wife and children called away on the death of a relative, he had seized destiny with his hesitant hands and sneaked away from the city one bright June morning, "cutting" his work like the most arrogant college student. Feeling like an absconding bank cashier, he had boarded the train for the short trip to Washington and before he had time to regret his daring, he was in the Capitol.

To Amos, the day was like nothing he had ever experienced since that memorable time in his youth when he had forgotten to go to school and had spent the day in fishing and swimming. Since that wistfully remembered event his life had had few holidays to brighten it. His had been such a continuous fight for bare existence that he had no time to think of freedom. But to-day he was free; "As free as a lark," as Amos expressed it.

No traveler ever more closely inspected Washington with its many famous buildings and notable personages than did Amos. His life that day was a succession of inspecting buildings and observing people. He half trotted in his eagerness to see everything while he had the opportunity. His eager, wistful face was to be seen that day peering like a young bird from the apertures of the Great Monument; staring curiously at the Senate chamber; gazing in awe at the curios of the Congressional Library; and—in short—applying his starved eyes to every nook and corner of the city. But his greatest moment came when he stood before the President, the President with outstretched hand and friendly smile, the President apparently quite willing to meet him—Amos Dorgan, store clerk.

Amos waited in line a long time for that great moment. With several hundreds of other individuals, all with one objective—to see the President and shake his hand—Amos helped to form a long, patient line which stretched out over the White House grounds. Slowly he crept nearer and with every step his excitement grew and his desire for the long awaited event to arrive increased. "Can't cha keep open my heels?" he was querulously asked more than once by the long suffering

person in front of him. Then he would apologetically slow his step; only to repeat the offense a few minutes later.

Amos was all impatience—until the moment arrived; then his courage completely deserted him. As he stood trembling at the head of the line and faced the Great One, he became dizzy with the thought of his presumption in expecting this great man to shake his miserable hand. His face a flaming red, his limb convulsing, his lips quivering, he mumbled something unintelligible and—ignoring the outstretched hand of the President—he fled from the place.

That night, Amos Dorgan—a crushed, miserable creature—arrived home. He never told anyone of his trip.

Amos ate his regular noon meal at a little restaurant near his place of work. Each day for years he was to be seen slipping into the place and taking his seat at one of the tables in a remote corner of the room. There he would wait patiently until a world-weary and insolent waiter would shuffle over to him.

"What'll it be to-day?" the waiter would growl, eyeing him wearily.

"Vegetable soup, brown bread and milk," Amos would reply like one reciting a formula, or, better still, like one answering his cue in a play.

So it went day after day. The waiter would swagger to the rear of the room and through the hole in the door cry out the order at the top of his voice. To Amos, it seemed that he used this method to exhibit his contempt for so small an order.

After a long wait the waiter would return, noisily slamming down the dishes.

"N'thing else?" he would ask, eyeing the food with the disdainful air of a connoisseur. Then, without waiting for a reply, he would punch a card, drop it on the table, and turn away as if to say, "That worm—him an' his small orders."

Thus did Amos' little round of life continue day after day, year after year. Continually submissive and self-effacing, Amos received more than his share of body blows from a callous world. Then one day, like his brother the worm, Amos turned.

It happened one hot summer day when the humidity was at such a height that the nerves of the weaker of the city dwellers were strained to the highest pitch. It was a day on which hot blood boiled and quarrels resulted at the slightest provocation. Now it would be an exaggeration to intimate that Amos Dorgan possessed hot blood—he was much too meek for that—but on this particular day what blood he possessed was heated to a torrid degree. Then, again, he was feeling far from well that July day. "Feelin' all outa whack," as he expressed it to his boss. Under the circumstances, then, it was not surprising that he felt a little more than his usual antipathy for waiters in general when one of the gentry swaggered up to him and in a caustic tone asked him, "What'd he want t'day?"

"Vegetable soup, brown bread, and a cup of milk," Amos answered meekly enough, though it was with difficulty that he kept from pouring out eloquent phrases which he had been storing up in his mind for many months. "Say! you big bum, look here," he desired to fairly yell, "don't look at me that way. I'm as good as anybody else!" But of course he said nothing of the sort.

Following the usual procedure of crying out Amos' small order—louder than usual to-day, Amos thought—the waiter returned with the soup, the brown bread and the milk. In placing the order on the table the waiter upset the milk. A generous portion of it whitened Amos' trousers and coat. With a grunt of apology, the waiter drew from his apron a much soiled cloth and carelessly sopped up the milk, splashing yet more of it upon Amos. To Amos' weak ejaculation of protest the man returned an angry and disdainful look and continued to splash away.

Amos rose stiffly from his seat like a man in a daze. Through glazed eyes he made out a large object before him which he knew to be his enemy: the epitome of a world which had so long despised him. His breath short, his hair whirling, Amos seized the bowl of soup and crashed it onto the head of the bent waiter. Then he stepped back and incuriously watched the soup drip down the

Walter Pater and Art

A Critical Essay on the Master Stylist

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

ONE may not stumble so easily onto a key to the enigma of art . . . particularly is this true in modern America where the word is used as a sort of Japanese blind for the most remote and grotesque of temperamental expressions.

In this country those who are presumed to be judges of what art is not, have fallen into the error very precisely delineated in one of Walter Pater's essays on the Renaissance.

Pater says: "It is the mistake of much popular criticism to regard poetry, music, and painting—all the various products of art—as but translations into different languages of one and the same fixed quantity of color, in painting; of sound, in music; of rhythmical words, in poetry. In this way, the sensuous element in art, and with it almost everything in art that is essentially artistic, is made a matter of indifference. . . ."

A policeman would not have written that about a critic who praised the "Scandals," or of a critic who denounced "The Great God Brown," but Pater is a very exacting craftsman, with a consciousness of the tools and chisels of his trade. Pater has dug into the immobility of this word "art" and dragged it quite simply out of a crust.

What Pater may say about the common denominator of art is not a fluency of genius or a verbosity even.

In treating art he has been somewhat tragic about it; that is, he has been quite unromantic and precise; but he has figured with the exactitude of the mathematician the answers to some very odd experiments in color.

The splendid essays of Walter Pater, especially those of his pertaining to the Renaissance are "delicacies of fine literature." If they are painful they are only painful for their detail, which is always multicolored with the personality of the man.

Arthur Symons says in an introduction to

Pater something about his thought moving "to music, doing all its hard work as if in play." He says, too, if memory is correct: "And Pater seems to listen for his thought, and to overhear it, as the poet overhears his song in the air. It is like music, and has something of the character of poetry, yet, above all, it is precise, individual thought filtered through a temperament. . . ."

Art, in any form, if one may reduce to formula, is only the view of a thing through a temperament. The view may be tortured and disconcerted and distorted; but then perhaps the temperament is distorted. Temperaments are sometimes so.

Pater has suffered somewhat for his certain profundity. We are likely to slide over the things that are prone to actuate thought. Yet Pater possesses that lyric quality that overrides the main theme of his writings—thought—with the swing of song and anthem.

Nobody, we are told, reads essays. And if we are to believe certain characteristics in "Gentlemen Prefer Blonds" the essays are quite essential to the conversational education.

Pater understood the secrets of art as very few have known them. Speaking of Joachim DuBellay he explained: "One seems to hear the measured motion of the fans, with a child's pleasure on coming across the incident for the first time, in one of those great barns of Du Bellay's own country, *La beauce*, the granary of France. A sudden light transfigures some trivial thing, a weather-vane, a windmill, a winnowing fan, the dust in the barn door. A moment—and the thing has vanished, because it was pure effect; but it leaves a relish behind it, a longing that the accident may happen again."

Exactly what Pater does. He leaves a longing to grasp some of the forms he has phantasied from common stone, out of undramatic commonplaces.

The Decline of the Interurban

The Essayist Comments Sadly Upon the Death of Adventure

JACK MULLEN

TIME was when a Notre Dame man in whose youthful veins the hot blood of adventure flowed rapidly, had a means of satisfying his desire close at hand. For startling thrills and proximity to sudden death, either from heart failure or a wreck, there was nothing to equal an interurban ride between South Bend and Chicago.

I used to enjoy that ride. I frequently made the trip by night from the Windy City to the Studebaker one, and I ordinarily travelled on the interurban, a fact which made me an object of pitying scorn to my friends. They could not understand why anyone should prefer the three hour, uncertain, but adventurous journey on the trolley line to two hours ensconced in a green plush seat on the machine-like railroad.

But I enjoyed it, nevertheless, nor did I begrudge them their obvious amusement. There were many pleasant things about the journey. The train always left Chicago amid the smoke and noise of a hundred puffing little locomotives, now departed (rest their souls) to the peace of Chicago junk-piles. There was much whistling and fussing until we had left the yards, and then a comparatively prosaic ride to Kensington, where the adventure really began.

The first act consisted in the changing of power, from steam to electricity; a change, I might mention, much advocated at present, but having, I believe, very doubtful advantages. The little locomotive puffed away from the train with the air of one who has done his job well. Then the big power car would back into us as though intent upon our immediate and complete destruction: crash! Silence, broken, perhaps, by an irreverent cuss-word, a moment's hesitation and we were off.

After a few seconds of meditation on the part of the motorman, during which we moved slowly enough, the train would roar suddenly into the dark, and go careering

madly upon its insane journey to the hodge-podge towns of Northern Indiana. The motion was in all directions; even, occasionally, forward. Most of the time was taken, however, in unexpected leaps upward, in expected, but surprising drops downward, and in rolling dangerously from side to side. On one journey, we went even backward when the car was forced to retreat from a bad hill in order to make a new and more determined effort.

The curves held the biggest thrills. After hurtling along a straight stretch for perhaps a mile or two, the electric meteor would assume an almost horizontal position and swing along the rails at undiminished speed, while the hapless passengers would make desperate grabs for something that would prevent them from being thrown into the aisle.

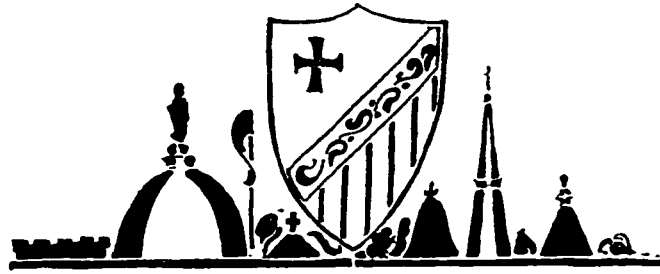
There was one point on the line to which the adventurous soul could always look forward with anticipation. It is five miles or more east of Michigan City, a long, steep grade coming to an abrupt end, and having an equally steep grade leading downward on the other side. We always took this grade at top speed. When we reached the top, the car seemed to continue its upward journey for a moment, although the rails started downward. I always had the most hair-raising sensation of flying in a tremendous projectile, a projectile which had momentarily lost its way. After a tiny second of that bottomless feeling, the car would manage, somehow, to settle back upon the track, and to grind out the remainder of the journey to South Bend, while the whistle shrieked despairingly to the moon.

Such small excitements could only add to my enjoyment of the adventure. Often, I would have the car to myself during the latter part of the trip, and could recline at ease, with my feet upon the seat opposite; a book in one hand, a cigarette in the other.

If tired, I could sleep; lying in any position which I found comfortable. The conductors, who were friendly souls, never bothered me.

But the pony express has died, and the stage coach; and following them have gone the adventurous days of the interurban. We are living in a decadent, luxury loving age, and unfortunately, the powers that be have catered to the softness of the mob. New cars have replaced the romantic old ones; new cars with soft plush seats (on which one may not put his feet without endangering

his life,) heat, and immovable windows. The track is smoother, and the cars usually confine their movements to a forward direction. It is a sad case. They have taken all the breathless thrill from the hill near Michigan City; they have replaced the tragic, moaning whistles of other days; they have even thrown the little, puffing locomotive into the junk-pile. Romance is destroyed and utility takes its place. One might just as well ride on the steam trains now, for the traditions of the interurban have departed forever.



Melodics

FRANCIS MILLER

*You are an oriental
Travelbook; in your face
The sea's high winds
Have marked their place.*

*You are a song of heart
That sings in man;
The soft deft movement of
A woman's fan.*

*You are a rosarian
Setting thorns and seeds
By candle light to glory
Long forgotten deeds.*

*You are the soul crying
Tears of rodemel,
Tears for secret tales,
Tears for loves, as well.*

SPORT NEWS

Thundering Herd Pounces on Bulldog: Score 21-0

All the sad young men who opined that Mr. Knute K. Rockne's Thundering Herd would have a warm bowl of duck soup merely for the ladling when the Drake Bulldog took the field against Notre Dame missed their guess by a few kilometers.



WALLACE

Notre Dame won 21 to 0 that being a very decisive way of proving that the Drake Bulldog did not have all the molars which it did before it faced the Navy, Nebraska and other grid-iron ensembles. But those three touchdowns

were hard earned and came only at the expense of real football on the part of the Fightin' Irish.

A broad expanse of white-blanketed turf, hitherto known as Cartier Field, greeted some 15,000 ulstered fans who braved the arctic blasts and the fatigue of Homecoming to see Mr. Rockne's silkpanted warriors shiver through four quarters and three markers.

If Mr. Rockne were of rubicund cheeks and pearly hirsute and crawled from his dugout to dispense stick candy and peanut brittle it would have been a real Christmas afternoon. The Kris Kringle atmosphere was partly in evidence for Rockne's Reindeers pulled their sleds over the Drake housetops at advantageous moments and the tin horns which come with Christmas were being tooted by the grandstanders in appreciation of Notre Dame's eight consecutive and unsoiled catapults toward another national title.

WEATHER FATES SCORE

Considering the prickly pears which the gods of the weather hurled at the Fightin'

Irish for their Homecoming imbroglio the game was a sensation. It's difficult to understand how the twenty-two young gentlemen who played the game slithered and slid across the icy platform for sixty minutes and did such an exemplary job of it.

Proud alumni who have sold enough butter and eggs to put a double flourish under their signatures, peeped out from behind their ulster lapels long enough to watch the boys run up three brilliant touchdowns. And their racoon-coated sons and daughters, be-



EDWARDS

sides wondering if steam-heated goloshes would ever be invented, marvelled at the adamant defense which Notre Dame sprung in the second quarter when Drake advanced the ball to the Irish three inch line only to lose it on downs.

The game was won with characteristic Rockne strategy. It consisted of allowing Drake to hold the marbles until its hands got cold, in which case Notre Dame picked up the marbles and sprang sparkling attacks leading directly to touchdowns.

It was in the second quarter that the first feature of the game attempted to inject a bit of heat into the frigid spectators. Opening up a steady attack, centered mostly around plunging, the Drake eleven worked the ball to the Notre Dame five yard line where it made first down. The first backfield was sent to the aid of the regular line but the Bulldogs pushed to the Irish three inch line. Notre Dame held twice and Drake was penalized for backfield in motion. A pss over the goal line spoiled Drake's chances for a score.

MR. EDWARDS GOES OVER

Taking the ball on their own 20 yard line, the Rockne students went to town. Bucks and skirts around the ends, aided by an occasional pass, enabled the Irish to carry the ball to the Drake two yard line from which point Mr. Edwards, who, as the whole nation knows by now, twists his gridiron hips better than his Virginia sheriff-friends brandish their moonshine hooks, made a touchdown. Mr. Harry O'Boyle obliged with a goal.

Shortly after the quarter ended and while the mob poured out of the stands in quest of heat or hot dogs, Mr. Rockne slipped some scoring aces up the strategic sleeves of his pupils.

While the nor'wester howled more voluminously than before, the Bulldogs and the Irish took to their game of tag again. The entire third period was confined to give and take, neither eleven doing much in the way of offense.

"MULESKINNER" WALLACE INTRUDES

Finally Mr. John Wallace, the muleskinner, came to the rescue. A careless Drake back poured plenty of indiscretion on the ball as he threw it and Mr. Wallace, arriving just in time, tucked the leather in the crook of his arm and rambled 30 yards for the score. Mr. O'Boyle again obliged.

It was getting dark now and Notre Dame began to pull a passing attack under cover. White heat on the part of Riley and Dahman brought the ball to the Drake 21 yard line. A Riley-O'Boyle flip scored the third touchdown, O'Boyle obliged a third time and retired to the secrecy of the showers.

Over the machinations of one Mr. Everett, quarterback of the Drake eleven, the frozen fans were inclined to go quite wild. He danced and darted like a human whirligig everytime he got the ball and many were the times that he broke loose for substantial gains. The game almost resolved itself into a Des Moines field day for Everett and O'Boyle are said to have enjoyed a friendly enmity in Des Moines school circles. Each added to his respective prestige through Saturday's playing.

Saturday's contest marked the last home contest for the Irish. The lineups and summaries:

NOTRE DAME (21)	DRAKE (0)
Benda, Voedisch,	
Walsh, Keefe	L.E. Scherer
Leppig, J. Smith, Law	L.G. Heiser
Hogan, Miller	L.T. Jones
Fredricks, Boeringer	C. Simpson
Red Smith, Mayer,	
Marella	R.G. Robertson
Poliski, McManmon	R.T. Ewart, Holliday
C. Walsh, Wallace,	
Byrne	R.E. Dalby
Riley, Edwards	Q.B. Everetts, Meyers, Fry
Dahman, Flanagan	R.H. Southerland, Beebe
Niemic, Hearden	L.H. Johnson, Dustin
Wynne, O'Boyle,	
McGrath, McCake,	F.B. Cooke
Touchdown—Edwards, Wallace, O'Boyle.	
Points after touchdown—O'Boyle (3)	

IRISH TO MEET CARNEGIE
IN FINAL EASTERN CAMPAIGN

All the muddle that resulted in the British Empire because the Scotch, the Irish, the Welsh and the English liked to argue better than eat will be brewed again next Saturday at Forbes Field, Pittsburg.

But the Welsh and the English aren't going to have a thumb in the pie this time because the Scotch and the Irish are carrying on the feud themselves and if you'd judge by some of the past imbroglios which they have staged, perfect capability rests on both sides.

Notre Dame and Carnegie meet to-morrow in the 1926 annual renewal of the football classic which has been carried on so honorably for some five or six years. The flying of the green and the tooting of the bagpipe will figure largely in Saturday's game but just which one will do its stuff the longest hinges on the battle.

A Notre Dame team, that sees another national championship only a hair's breadth from its finger tips, invades the east Saturday to root out one of the two remaining obstacles in the path to gridiron greatness. Eight victories, won over the cream of teams from every section of the country, buoy the Fightin' Irish and two capable foes,

Carnegie and Southern California, remain to be defeated if the slate is to be unsoiled.

A better Carnegie team than has ever faced Notre Dame will challenge the right of the Irish to go through the battle unscathed. With an impressive showing against the better teams of the East and Middle West, Carnegie boasts of enough power and cleverness to hold the Irish at sword's end.

CARNEGIE STRONGER THAN EVER

With a better balanced offense and a more powerful defense, Coach Wally Steffens' Carnegie team will be ready to give the Irish a worthy battle. Around Donahue, a speedy halfback who has played against Notre Dame for two years past, and Harpster, a pass-flipping sophomore, who has the ear-

marks of stardom, Steffens has built his scoring combination. Captain Lloyd Yoder, a ponderous tackle, is the bulwark of the line.

Last Saturday Carnegie defeated the West Virginia Mountaineers 20 to 0. Only one defeat, a double dropkick loss, 6 to 0, at the hands of New York University, one of the year's sensations, blots the Carnegie record.

Coach Rockne has admitted of Carnegie's toughness but apparently has confidence that his proteges will win their ninth at the expense of the Pittsburg scientists. Cartier Field workouts during the past week have pointed more toward the Southern California game, the long trip and lack of practice requiring an ingenious handling of training.

Splinters From The Press Box

Go, Irish go!

The books say that 1920 and 1924 were years never to be forgotten at Notre Dame but anyone who lets his mind wander on this 1926 season is missing most of the fireworks.

Eight straight, the possibilities of a ninth quite glowing, and then the drive toward another national championship—all seem to throw back the spirit that has ever and will ever be Notre Dame's.

* * * * *

Sports writers who covered the Irish-Drake game last week were giving their imaginations a good workout. Christmas and New Years and all the winter feast days were smartly alluded to. And, when one of those howlers from the north rushed down upon Cartier Field, the atmosphere was only too realistic.

* * * * *

Having noticed that the campus was besieged with home-comers of all years, modern, remote and archaic, we advance the theory that it takes plenty to keep a Notre Dame man away from the old place. We pity the ears when the University of Alaska plays Siberia College in Nome Stadium. On comparative scores it should be a freeze out.

They, who didn't realize just how remarkable the Irish 1926 defense is, were subject to a neat lesson Saturday. On the Notre Dame three inch line, the Drake backs hammered furiously three times and still it didn't score. This Minnesota eleven must have sweated blood for that lone touchdown!

* * * * *

Saturday's victory was the eighty-third under the Rockne regime. Seven defeats and a pair of ties are recorded. Any coach, general, politician or explorer, who can equal that record in his respective line, will find the glare of fame waiting to acclaim him.

* * * * *

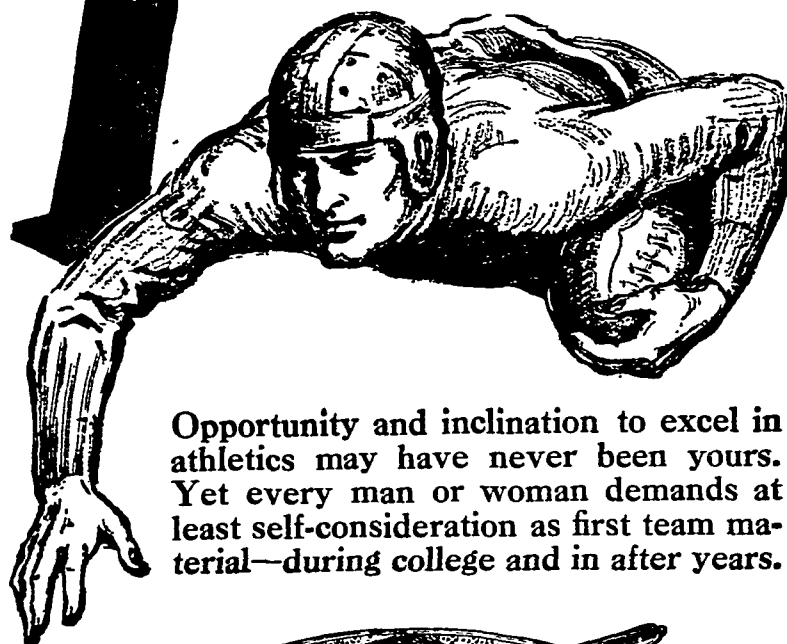
The favorite indoor sport during the past week was the picking of all-time Notre Dame elevens. Here's the big rub: if as many great stars are turned out in the next fifteen years as have been turned out in the past fifteen, how can they play this indoor game without cheating?

* * * * *

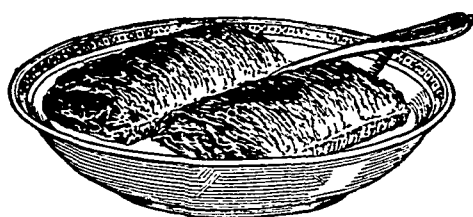
Hitting them square on the head twice in two weeks should make us fling a challenge at Harvey Woodruff. We've got this prediction business down to a science now and here's how the mill grinded out the Carnegie score: good weather, Carnegie 3, Notre Dame 27; bad weather, Carnegie 0, Notre Dame 20. And that may be our own wake!

—GHOUL POST III.

1st Team MATERIAL



Opportunity and inclination to excel in athletics may have never been yours. Yet every man or woman demands at least self-consideration as first team material—during college and in after years.



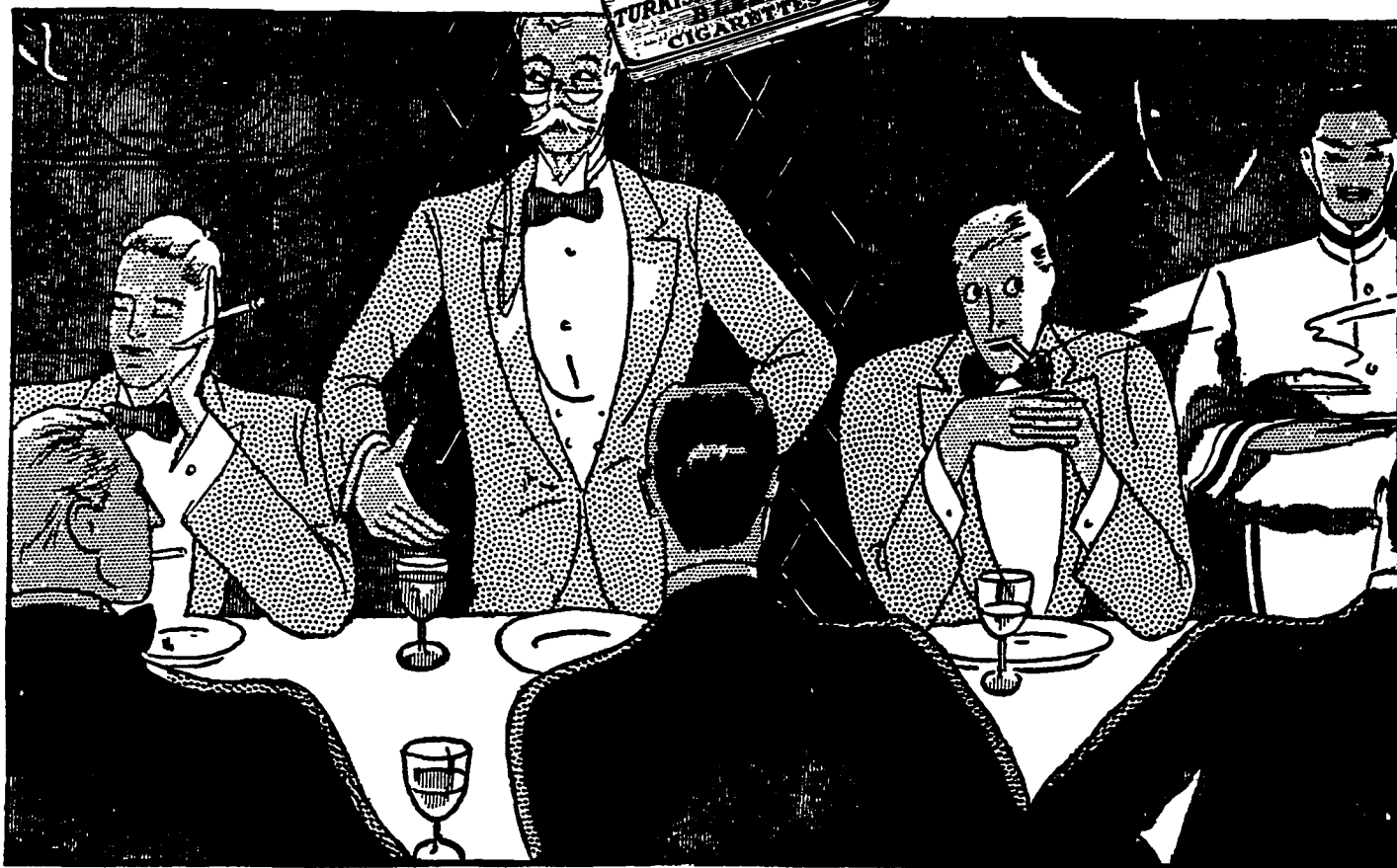
Try this system

Make just one whole meal of whole wheat every day. SHREDDED whole WHEAT contains all the PROTEINS, SALTS, CARBOHYDRATES and VITAMINS your body craves, properly balanced for complete digestibility and assimilation. Also BRAN—all that you need to regulate your digestion for the day and to throw off the poison of less healthful foods. Have your Shredded Wheat served with milk or cream and sugar, with fruits and berries or in many other appetizing ways. Start now to get fit and keep fit. If interested, write for our booklet—"Fifty Ways of Serving Shredded Wheat." THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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